

If for his tender here I make some stay.

*Ob.* What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite  
And laid the loue iuyce on some true loues sight:  
Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue  
Some true loue turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

*Rob.* Then fate ore-rules, that one man holding troth,  
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.

*Ob.* About the wood, goe swifter then the winde,  
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.  
All fancy sicke she is, and pale of cheere,  
With sighes of loue, that costs the fresh bloud deare.  
By some illusion see thou bring her heere,  
He charme his eyes against she doth appeare.

*Robin.* I go, I go, looke how I goe,  
Swifter then arrow from the *Tartars* bowe.

*Ob.* Flower of this purple die,  
Hit with *Cupids* archery,  
Sinke in apple of his eye,  
When his loue he doth espie,  
Let her shine as gloriously  
As the *Venus* of the sky.  
When thou wak'st if she be by,  
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter *Puck*.

*Puck.* Captaine of our Fairy band,  
*Helena* is heere at hand,  
And the youth, mistooke by me,  
Pleading for a Louers fee.  
Shall we their fond Pageant see?  
Lord, what foolies these mortals be!

*Ob.* Stand aside: the noy's they make,  
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

*Puck.* Then will two at once wooe one,  
That must needs be sport alone:  
And those things doe best please me,  
That befall preposterously.

Enter *Lysander* and *Helena*.

*Lys.* Why should you think I should wooe in scorn?  
Scorne and derision neuer comes in teares:  
Looke when I vow I weepe; and vowes so borne,  
In their nativity all truth appeares.  
How can these things in me, seeme scorne to you?  
Bearing the badge of faith to proue them true.

*Hel.* You doe aduance your cunning more & more,  
When truth kills truth, O diuine holy fray!  
These vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her ore?  
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.  
Your vowes to her, and me, (put in two scales)  
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

*Lys.* I had no iudgement, when to her I swore.  
*Hel.* Nor none in my minde, now you giue her ore.

*Lys.* *Demetrius* loues her, and he loues not you. *Awa.*

*Dem.* O *Helena*, goddesse, nimph, perfect, diuine,  
To what my loue, shall I compare thine eyne!

Christall is muddy, O how ripe in show,  
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!  
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* snow,  
Fan'd with the Easterne winde, turnes to a crow,  
When thou hold'st vp thy hand. O let me kisse  
This Princesse of pure white, this scale of blisse.

*Hel.* O spight! O hell! I see you are all bent  
To set against me; for your merriment:  
If you were ciuill, and knew curtesie,  
You would not doe me thus much iniury.

Lie downe.

Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,  
But you must ioyne in soules to mocke me to?  
If you are men, as men you are in show,  
You would not vse a gentle Lady so;

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,  
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.  
You both are Riuals, and loue *Hermia*;  
And now both Riuals to mocke *Helena*.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,  
To coniure teares vp in a poore maids eyes,  
With your derision; none of noble sort,  
Would so offend a Virgin, and extort

A poore soules patience, all to make you sport.  
*Lysa.* You are vnkind *Demetrius*; be not so,  
For you loue *Hermia*; this you know I know;

And here with all good will, with all my heart,  
In *Hermias* loue I yeeld you vp my part;  
And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,  
Whom I do loue, and will do to my death.

*Hel.* Neuer did mockers wast more idle breath.  
*Dem.* *Lysander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none:  
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.

My heart to her, but as guest-wise sojourn'd,  
And now to *Helena* it is home return'd,  
There to remaine.

*Lys.* It is not so.

*De.* Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,  
Left to thy perill thou abide it deare.  
Looke where thy Loue comes, yonder is thy deare.

Enter *Hermia*.

*Her.* Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,  
The care more quicke of apprehension makes,  
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,  
It paises the heeding double recompence.

Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander* found,  
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to that found.  
But why vnkindly didst thou leaue me so?

*Lysan.* Why should hee stay whom Loue doth presse?  
*Her.* What loue could presse *Lysander* from my side?

*Lys.* *Lysanders* loue (that would not let him bide)  
*Faire Helena*; who more engilds the night,  
Then all yon fierie oes, and eyes of light,  
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,  
The hate I bare thee, made me leaue thee so?

*Her.* You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be.  
*Hel.* Loe, she is one of this confederacy,

Now I perceiue they haue conioyn'd all three,  
To fashion this false sport in spight of me.  
Iniurious *Hermia*, most vngratefull maid,  
Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriu'd

To baite me, with this foule derision?  
Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd,  
The sisters vowes, the houres that we haue spent,  
When wee haue chid the hasty footed time,

For parting vs; O, is all forgot?  
All schooldaies friendship, child-hood innocence?  
We *Hermia*, like two Artificiall gods,

Haue with our needles, created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;

As if our hands, our sides, voices, and mindes  
Had bene incorporate. So we grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,

But yet a vnion in partition,

Two

Two louely berries molded on one stem,  
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,  
Two of the first life coats in Heraldry,  
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.

And will you rent our ancient loue asunder,  
To ioyne with men in scorning your poore friend?  
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.

Our sexe as well as I, may chide you for it,  
Though I alone doe feele the iniurie.

*Her.* I am amazed at your passionate words,  
I scorne you not; It seemes that you scorne me.

*Hel.* Haue you not set *Lysander*, as in scorne  
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?  
And made your other loue, *Demetrius*

(Who euen but now did spurne me with his foote)  
To call me goddesse, nimph, diuine, and rare,  
Precious, celestiall? Wherefore speakes he this

To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lysander*  
Denie your loue (so rich within his soule)  
And tender me (forsooth) affection,

But by your setting on, by your consent?  
What though I be not in grace as you,  
so hung vpon with loue, so fortunate?

(But miserable most, to loue vnlo'd)  
This you should pittie, rather then despise.  
*Her.* I vnderstand not what you meane by this.

*Hel.* I doe, perseuer, counterfeit sad looks,  
Make mouthes vpon me when I turne my backe,  
Winke each at other, hold the sweete iest vp:  
This sport well carried, shall be chronicled.

If you haue any pittie, grace, or manners,  
You would not make me such an argument:  
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault,  
Which death or absence soone shall remedie.

*Lys.* Stay gentle *Helena*, heare my excuse,  
My loue, my life, my soule, faire *Helena*.

*Hel.* O excellent!

*Her.* Sweete, do not scorne her so.  
*Dem.* If she cannot entreate, I can compell.

*Lys.* Thou canst compell, no more then she entreate.  
Thy threats haue no more strength then her weak praise.  
*Helena*, I loue thee, by my life I doe;  
I sweare by that which I will lose for thee,

To proue him false, that saies I loue thee not.

*Dem.* I say, I loue thee more then he can do.

*Lys.* If thou say so, with-draw and proue it too.

*Dem.* Quick, come.

*Her.* *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?

*Lys.* Away, you *Ethiopo*.

*Dem.* No, no, Sir, seeme to breake loose;

Take on as you would follow,

But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.

*Lys.* Hang off thou cat, thou but; vile thing let loose,

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

*Her.* Why are you growne so rude?

What change is this sweete Loue?

*Lys.* Thy loue? our tawny *Tartar*, out;

Out loathed medicine; O hated poison hence.

*Her.* Do you not iest?

*Hel.* Yes sooth, and so do you.

*Lys.* *Demetrius*, I will keepe my word with thee.

*Dem.* I would I had your bond: for I perceiue

A weake bond holds you; He not trust your word.

*Lys.* What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?

Although I hate her, He not harme her so.

*Her.* What, can you do me greater harme then hate?

Hate me, wherefore? O me, w  
Am not I *Hermia*? Are not y  
I am as faire now, as I was e  
Since night you leu'd me; yet  
Why then you left me (O th  
In earnest, shall I say?

*Lys.* I, by my life;  
And neuer did desire to see th  
Therefore be out of hope, of  
Be certaine, nothing truer: 'ti  
That I doe hate thee, and loue

*Her.* O me, you iugler, you  
You theefe of loue; What, h  
And stolne my loues heart fro

*Hel.* Fine faith:  
Haue you no modesty, no ma  
No touch of bashfulness? V  
Impatient answers from my  
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you

*Her.* Puppet? why so? I  
Now I perceiue that she hat  
Betweene our staturs, she ha  
And with her personage, her  
Her height (forsooth) she ha  
And are you growne to high

Because I am so dwarfish, and  
How low am I, thou painted  
How low am I? I am not yet  
But that my nailes can reach

*Hel.* I pray you though you  
Let her not hurt me; I was n  
I haue no gift at all in shrew  
I am a right maide for my co  
Let her not strike me; you pe  
Because she is something lov

That I can match her.

*Her.* Lower? harke again

*Hel.* Good *Hermia*, do ne  
I euermore did loue you, *Her*  
Did euer keepe your counsels  
Saue that in loue unto *Demetri*

I told him of your stealth vnto  
He followed you, for loue I fi  
But he hath chid me hence, a  
To strike me, spurne me, nay  
And now, so you will let me  
To *Athens* will I beare my fi

And follow you no further,  
You see how simple, and how

*Her.* Why get you gone  
*Hel.* A foolish heart, that

*Her.* What, with *Lysander*;  
*Lys.* Be not afraid, the sha

*Dem.* No fir, she shall not  
*Hel.* O when she's angry,

She was a vixen, when she we  
And though she be but little

*Her.* Little againe? Noth  
Why will you suffer her to fl

Let me come to her, she shal

*Lys.* Get you gone you d  
You minims, of hindring kn

You bead, you acorne; hee  
*Dem.* You are too officio

In her behalfe that scornes y